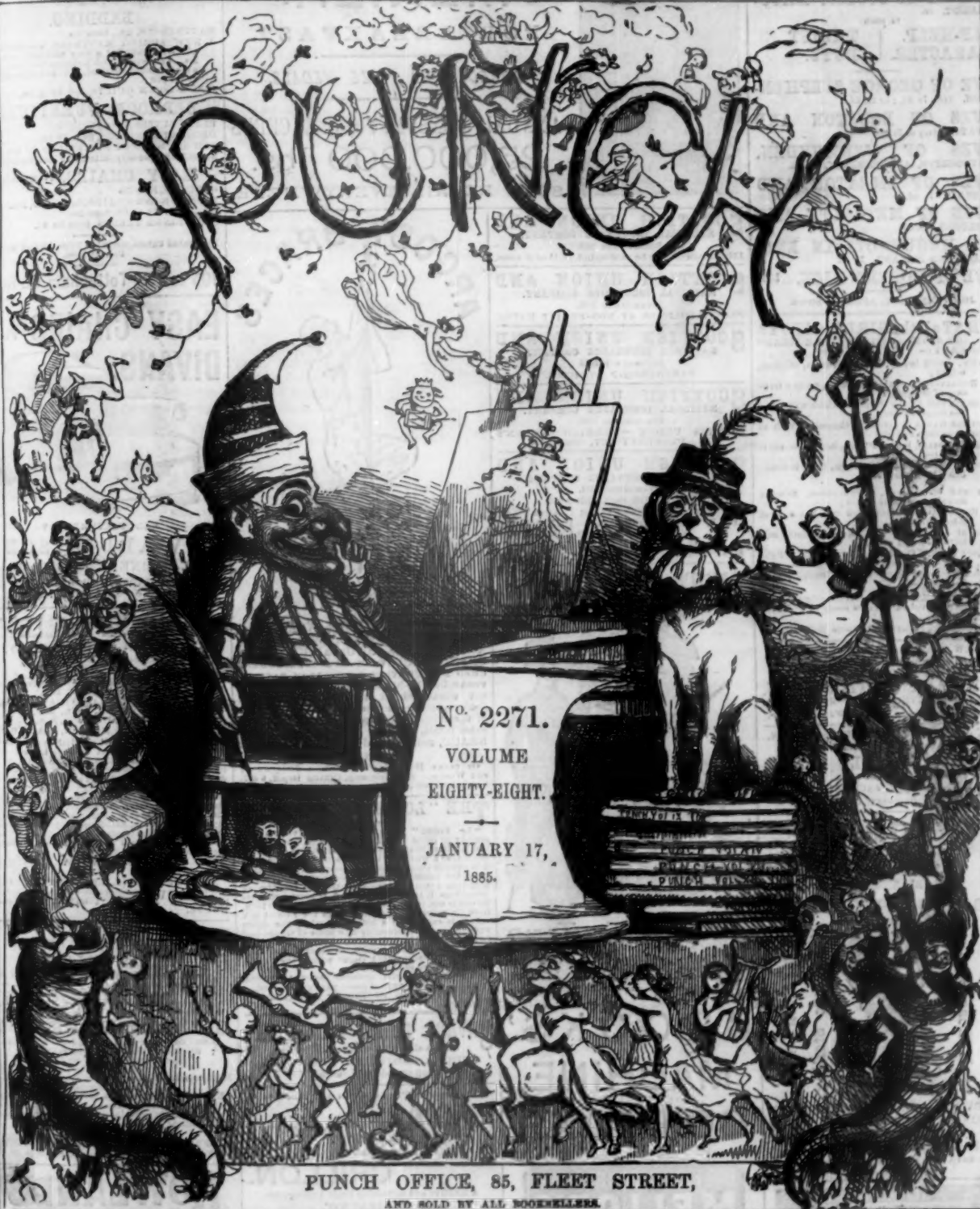


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## THE MANHOOD OF GREAT BOYS.

## III.—THE STATESMAN.

EVEN among Boys, WILLIAM PLYANT was remarkable for the fertility and ingenuity of his apologies and excuses. If late for dinner, or chapel, he never contented himself with the frivolous and outworn allegation that he had accidentally thrust his right-hand foot into his left-hand shoe, and had been unable to extricate it in time. He would observe, on the contrary, with deep and engaging penitence, that he had become so absorbed in the delightful arguments of a Euclid, or in the masterly intricacies of the Greek irregular verb, that the hour for refreshment or devotion had stolen by unobserved. His masters were so greatly impressed at once with the dialectical ingenuity of WILLIAM, and with the eloquence in which he clothed his thoughts, that they frequently requested him to remain after the other lads had gone to play, and in solitary, and even laborious interviews, devoted themselves to cultivating WILLIAM's sense of rectitude.

At home it was the same thing. "WILLIAM, did you break that window?" his Father would inquire, bluntly; and WILLIAM would, with patient subtlety, reply (in the very words of an eminent writer) that "there are people in the world who are very fond of asking what they call point-blank questions. They profess to hate all shilly-shallying, and they are at no pains to hide their suspicion that any one who declines to say Yes or No to any question which they choose to ask, has either his intellect clouded by Metaphysics, or has not the courage of his opinions." WILLIAM would then go on to remark that breaking a window was not such a simple matter as, on a superficial view, it appeared. A stone broke the window—he was not a stone. Was, then, the actual or the impelling agency to be regarded as the proximate or the efficient cause of the domestic disaster? Again, he urged, there was the question of the direction of the intention. He had intended—"but here his Father seized WILLIAM, and (in spite of his clamouring that "Force was no Remedy") proceeded to correct him with the library ruler, which happened to be handy. Thus eminent as a Boy, WILLIAM naturally looked forward to distinction in political life. Nor was he disappointed. WILLIAM soon became indispensable to his Party. Night after night did his opponents ask WILLIAM ill-natured questions, all of which he answered at the greatest length, and in language of extreme propriety, and rhythmical structure. His clumsy adversaries, indeed, complained that, when WILLIAM at length sat down, they were no better informed than they had been when he arose. Yet so remarkable was his art that, whenever WILLIAM had to make a speech, the House was crowded. Everyone listened with all his ears, adversaries were infuriated, friends cheered to the echo, but the extraordinary thing was that, in the morning, no mortal could ever tell what it all meant, or what WILLIAM really intended. Thus the qualities which had attracted persecution, ignominy, canings, fifth-form lickings, and other accidents to WILLIAM in his boyhood, became of the utmost value to him as a Statesman.

Finally, however, his country was involved in foreign affairs of peculiar difficulty. WILLIAM occupied the Antarctic Regions with a force of thirty Marines, and allotted to his country the interest on the Polar debt. Immediately all the Foreign Powers, including Bolivia and Venezuela, sent letters to WILLIAM, asking him what the dickens he meant by his conduct, and whether he intended to annex, administer, or evacuate the Antarctic Circle? To those missives WILLIAM replied, for several years, in his usual courteous manner, but with the unfortunate effect of driving all the nations of the world, including Zanzibar, quite mad, and into an offensive alliance against his country. WILLIAM, therefore, crowned with honours, withdrew from affairs, and devoted his leisure to deciphering Jebusite inscriptions. These remarkable relics of antiquity resemble an ill-advised attempt to draw tables and chairs, and, as only two syllables of the Jebusite language are known (and these incorrectly) the topic afforded ample scope for WILLIAM's undeniable ingenuity. He has now translated the inscriptions in twelve totally different ways, and, having sufficiently contributed to the elucidation of politics, means to publish his discoveries, one of which, out of the twelve, he thinks is nearly certain to be regarded as, at least, approximately plausible. We thus learn that qualities which, in Youth, are often discouraged, may lead to the highest political and philological eminence in maturer years.

## IV.—THE MERCHANT.

At school, GORGIVS MIDAS, though, in some ways, a serviceable, was not a popular boy. He was very greedy, but chiefly satisfied his love of good things by violently appropriating the sampers of his juniors in the Lower Fourth, for he never rose above that insignificant degree of scholastic promotion. Yet GORGIVS was useful for, when all the other boys had spent their money, he always had plenty left. Some of his funds he would lend, at various rates of interest, thus half-a-crown disbursed in the middle of term, had to be repaid, with the accrued interest of half-a-sovereign, at the end of the holidays. Some clever, but unscrupulous boys, also

found GORGIVS convenient, for he promised to pay them money to do his exercises for him. It is true that GORGIVS never kept his word, and, as his system was detected, he was rather ignominiously removed from school, quite as ignorant as when he first went thither.

When he became a Man, GORGIVS continued to act on the same system. Knowledge and clever people he despised; but he lent money, and he bought up, for small sums, various patent inventions of THOMAS TREADWELL, and other ingenious characters. Some of these proved successful and remunerative. Their originators died in poverty, and in Lunatic Asylums; while GORGIVS, having built a twenty-storey Palace in Park Lane, having rented Moors and Forests in Scotland, the country-house of a pauper Duke in England, possessing, too, a fleet of Steam-yachts, luxuriously appointed, is now justly regarded as one of the most illustrious of our Merchant Princes.

## HINTS ON PARLIAMENTARY DEPORTMENT.

(By Professor Turvesdrop Toby, M.P.)

First get into Parliament. In the new order of things, that will not be so difficult as formerly. Never was any need to be exceptionally clever; no need now to be particularly rich. Parnellites hope to settle this last difficulty by securing weekly wages. Must live, they say. No money, no rows in Parliament. Different as yet with Members for Great Britain; but time may come. No one can say what new Parliament may not do.



A Genuine "Old Master," not in Burlington House Exhibition.

Necessary when you present yourself before Constituency to declare your politics. Safest thing is to ascertain the politics of majority of Electors and enthusiastically adopt them. At same time edge on the independent line. Say you are for GLADSTONE or SALISBURY, as the case may be, but that you are the kind of man who would not for any consideration vote for what you did not at the bottom

of your heart feel would be for the benefit of the Empire at large (Empire's a good word to bring in), and of the Constituency in particular. In the House of Commons, as will be shown in its proper place, the rôle of the Independent Member, skilfully played, most surely leads to fortune. Other things being equal, don't choose a Constituency with a new-fangled name. The Member for St. George's-in-the-East or the Member for St. George's, Hanover Square, can never hope to make a position in the House. Nor can the Member for the Strand, who irresistibly suggests a 'busman. By preference come in for a Constituency with one of the old familiar names. Members for these will be no better and no worse than the rest, but they are sure to put on airs, and to look down upon the Members for newly-named Constituencies such as a Peer, whose Barony is a hundred years old, looks down upon Mr. GLADSTONE's new creations.

When you are actually returned to Parliament you must mind your eye. You may do all kinds of things there, irregular, and even disorderly; but take care how you do them. You must never, however sudden and sharp may be the temptation, enter the House by making a "cartwheel" up the floor. It is forbidden to smoke in the House, and there is no accommodation in connection with the benches for jugs and glasses. If you want to drink, you must get up and make a speech, when you may drink whatever you can pay for. Rum punch hot is discouraged on the ground of the odour it diffuses.

If you want to say anything disagreeable about a Member on either side, you may do so without fear of consequences. There is no limit to this privilege. If in any other Assembly you were, for example, to accuse a gentleman of having wilfully brought about the hanging of an innocent man, you would probably find yourself in an uncomfortable position. In the House of Commons you may do this, or worse, without danger. The Speaker will interfere, will stigmatise the words as unparliamentary, and will direct you to withdraw them. Of course you withdraw at once, for the thing is done. You have said the words, and there they are. The interposition of the Speaker is even an additional advantage. It pointedly calls attention to the insult. It brings about what is called "a scene," and a scene is always reported *verbatim* in the newspapers. This privilege of safely libelling people you don't like, whether in or out of the House, is, of itself, worth all the trouble of getting into Parliament, and will incite the intelligent Candidate to renewed exertions in canvassing.

Sufficient for the week are the hints thereof. When these are digested, there may be a replenishment.



#### WHAT SITTERS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH SOMETIMES.

JONES (THE CELEBRATED PORTRAIT PAINTER) NEVER ALLOWS THE SITTER TO MOVE A MUSCLE UNTIL THE SITTING IS OVER, FOR FEAR OF DISTURBING THE FOLDS! UNFORTUNATELY JONES IS A GREAT WAGNERITE, AND, CARRIED AWAY BY HIS ENTHUSIASM, HE WILL SING WHOLE PIECES OF RECITATIVE FROM *PARSIFAL* IN THE MIDDLE OF A *SÉANCE*—VERY TRYING WHEN THE SITTER IS BEING PAINTED IN THE ACT OF POINTING TO A FAVOURITE PASSAGE IN AN *ÉDITION DE LUXE*, FOR INSTANCE!

#### A NEW AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE Real Original Wandering Jew, a relation of EUGÈNE SUE'S—not *Black-Eyed Sue's*—who is still about, and likely to be, writes from Paris to say that he thinks his Autobiography, published in monthly parts, and continued through a few centuries, would be highly interesting. It would, he fancies, beat *Irving's Annals of Our Times* into fits; and, as he was on speaking terms with everybody of any note (he remembers poor CLAUDIAN perfectly, and considered him a miserable rival and weak impostor), he could give some anecdotes in his own racy style, which would make the fortune of many a diner-out. He asks us our advice as to a publisher, and as he looks forward to getting rid of about twenty-five editions yearly, he questions whether he shouldn't call it an *Ought-to-Sell-ography*, instead of an *Autobiography*. We have answered his queries, and place a specimen of his work before our readers:—

"It was in the year 1649 that I had the pleasure of meeting CHARLES THE FIRST. Went to see him at Whitehall, where he was staying at the time (he died there shortly afterwards) furnished with a letter of introduction from my dear old friend OLIVER CROMWELL. The King was clad in a rather gaudy dressing-gown and a startling smoking-cap. As I entered he was enjoying a large cigar. Taking up a box of weeds from a side-table, he offered me one, saying that 'although his father objected to tobacco and witches, he found the former excellent.' I never saw him again, but was very intimate with his sons. His eldest boy and namesake was a decidedly over-rated person. Many of the 'good things' credited to him in reality were spoken by his brother, JAMES THE SECOND. However, 'CHARLES the Merry Monarch' (as he was called by his own set), was not a bad raconteur, and possessed some excellent port. A connection of the family, WILLIAM THE THIRD, I met in after

#### A MERRY MEDICO.

IN Muscovy there dwells a Leach,  
His name it is BALINSKY,  
Who doth a novel doctrine preach,  
Which lawyers might call risky.

A little girl was foully slain,  
And eke her house was plundered;  
Three culprits being caught, 'twas plain  
That "somebody had blundered."

The murderess confessed her deed,  
Her name was SEMÉNOVA;  
Yet she's acquitted—yes, indeed!  
And now she lives in clover.

The Doctor framed a new defence,  
There never was a lamer;  
For why?—She was a "Psychopath,"  
And therefore you can't blame her!

Now if you really want to know  
The Psychopathic nature,  
It seems to mean what's base and low  
In other nomenclature.

The "Psychopath's" an "Egotist;"  
They think that right which pleases 'em;  
And moral wrong, they do insist,  
Is whatsoever teases 'em.

To gain their end, they'll put to death  
Their nearest blood relation;  
So never stop a Psychopath  
From following his vocation!

No cure the smallest good can do,  
And prisons only rile 'em,  
And it's a shame to send 'em to  
A Lunatic Asylum.

So let them satisfy their needs,  
And kill with much impunity;  
They're only "nervous invalids,"  
Like most of the community.

Which shows that jurymen are wise  
To place such great reliance  
On all who wave before their eyes  
The "blessed light of Science."

"MULTA REVOLVENS."—*Portant beaucoup de 'revolvers.'* New French Classics. Translation.

years. All I can recollect about him was that he spoke Dutch with fluency.

"I remember meeting WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE at a Moot given before Queen ELIZABETH at Gray's Inn. 'BETSY,' as we used to call her in those days, was very fond of the Hon. Society, and invariably insisted upon presiding at the Pensions and dining with the Benchers. On this occasion she had dined too well, or the weather was sultry. At all events, she had gone to sleep. The Benchers naturally did not like to disturb her, as she was known to have a 'nasty temper' when crossed. I was laughing at the incident, when a fat middle-sized man, with an uncommonly high forehead, came up to me, and saying that he was WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, asked me what he should do? It appeared that he had been engaged to read *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and that there was no one to listen to him. I may explain that the Queen having gone to sleep, it was etiquette for everyone to pretend to follow her example. WILLIAM (or 'BILLY,' as he was called at the Globe Play-house), pointed out that the artful old Treasurer for the year (one BACON—a lawyer of some repute), was sleeping with one eye open. I forget how the incident ended, as I had to hurry away to keep another engagement.

"Two more friends I met about this time were, JOHN MILTON, the Poet, and the First Duke of MARLBOROUGH, who won Blenheim, and several other victories. JACK was blind, but genial. He acted as Latin Secretary to OLIVER CROMWELL (by the way, CROMWELL, although his father was a Brewer, came of a good old stock), and used to swear at his employer in the dead languages. He has made me roar again at the things he has said in OLIVER's presence—the latter, of course, not in the least knowing what sentiments his amanuensis was uttering. I remember seeing some of the proof-sheets of *Paradise Regained*, a poem not to be mentioned in the same mouth with *Paradise Lost*. 'Handsome JACK CHURCHILL,' as the First Duke of MARLBOROUGH was called, although, no doubt,





### BROTHERS IN ALMS; OR SOMETHING LIKE "A NEW DEPARTURE."

Joe (the Philanthropist, to Landed Proprietor). "BROTHER, BROTHER, WE ARE BOTH IN THE WRONG! LET US SHARE OUR WEALTH WITH THE PEOPLE."

an able commander, was extremely stupid in a drawing-room. He was a very colourless individual. All I can remember about him is, that he was particularly fond of chocolate.

"Talking of chocolate reminds me that another of my contemporaries—JULIUS CÆSAR—was very partial to oysters. It was this craze that induced him to invade Britain, where Whitstable natives have been, from time immemorial, most excellent eating. JULIUS was a thoroughly good fellow. He had but one fault—he was an amateur author. I remember his sending me one day a pamphlet upon the Gallic War. I just peeped into it—I won't say read it—it was sad rubbish.

"A propos of warriors reminds me that EDWARD THE THIRD and HENRY THE FIFTH had each some claim to the title. I knew them both intimately. The latter's widow married a Welshman called OWEN TUDOR, who invented braces. For all that he was a dull dog at his best.

"The mention of braces reminds me I was lucky enough to be present at the Battle of Hastings. The fight was excellent for trade; there had been a very bad season that year—I think it was in 1066—and WILLIAM's victory brought a number of foreigners into the town. On the night of the fight apartments were at a premium, not only in Hastings but at St. Leonard's.

"I must bring my recollections for the present to a conclusion by one more anecdote. I was walking one day in Windsor Park, when I heard the sound of horses' hoofs. I turned round, and a merry voice asked me the time of day. I looked at my watch. I subsequently discovered that the person who had spoken to me was HERNE the Hunter."

We fancy that our Ancient Friend has been inspired by the great popularity of a recent Autobiography, which has already reached three editions, and whose merits were proclaimed by our "Paper-knife Poem" Reviewist in these columns.

## SOME THEATRICAL NOTES.



Scarcity of Pantomimes. Little Bo Peep looking out for an Engagement.

REMIING," in accordance with a recent lecturer on the Modern Drama, that the acquisition of wealth is the last thing that a Manager of a Theatre or the writer of a Play should consider, it is possible that Messrs. AUGUSTUS HARRIS and E. L. BLANCHARD may cancel their very successful Pantomime, and substitute for it, in the cause of the True, and consequently the Beautiful, another, of which the following may serve as a rough scenario:—

RICHARD WHITTINGTON  
WITHOUT HIS CAT;

Or, the Superfluous Harlequin  
and the Mythical Lord  
Mayor of London.

SCENE I.—The Cave of Shams. The Demon Bill Sticker, attended by his Advertising Imps. Social Science Lecture, and Ultra Æsthetic Pamphlet, discuss at much length the claims of various subjects for a Pantomime. They think something "earnest" may be done with RICHARD WHITTINGTON if everything popular in the story is cut out. Comparatively sudden appearance of the Fairy JONES, who, by a wave of his wand, changes the Lecture into—SCENE II.—Trysting-Place of the Exclusive Votaries of the Loftiest Nonsense. Grand Ballet introducing the long-established Mutual Admiration Dance, in which some hundreds of Old Women (candidates for election to the Playgoers' Club) will take part. *Pas seul* by a joint Author (as Mr. JONES would rather die than say) meet to the occasion. Joint-meet, feeble suggestion of a pun likely to be provocative of mirth amongst the more-easily-tickled. Hence reference to joint-meet to be avoided as demonstrating lack of earnestness.

SCENES III., IV., V., VI., and VII. dealing with the story of RICHARD WHITTINGTON, and proving in the most prosaic and least exciting manner that "there never was no such person." This theory to be set forth in a funeral manner as loftily regardless of the popularity that secures wealth as of the dangers and deficits of boredom. Cutting out of comic monarchs, wonderful animals, glittering processions, beautiful scenery, and everything else calculated to extort admiration from the thoughtless, and leading up to—

SCENE VIII.—The Dreary Marsh of Misty Bosh. The principal characters are seen groping about in despair trying to understand what it all means, until enlightened by the appearance of the Fairy JONES, who by a flourish of his magic lecturer's wand changes the dismal tableau into

THE GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE, showing the gradual eclipse of the Popular Pantomime by the Spirit of Riptous Rot. The Sun of the National Theatre rapidly sinks, giving place to an Extensive View of Empty Benches. Triumph of the True, the Beautiful, the Earnest, in a word, of Hi Falutin Bosh.

FINAL TABLEAU.—Premature Collapse of the Pantomime and Sudden Requisition for a good rough-and-tumble, thoroughly stogy, old-fashioned melodrama of the *Silver King* type for immediate production long before Easter!

A remarkable event has lately happened. An Author has published a Tragedy,—not for acting, but for perusal. The Author is Mr. MERIVALE, and the title of the work is *Florien*. The plot is based on the old story of *George Barnwell*. Many of the Scenes are powerfully dramatic, and only a few alterations would be requisite for effective representation, though only a very exceptional Actress could play the part of *Florien*. The weakness, and the woes of the sufferers excite our compassion, but cannot enlist our sympathy, any more than can the three principals in *Ruy Blas*. The plot of Mr. MERIVALE'S tragedy makes it as readable as a good Novel; while, as dramatic poetry, taking the Play as a whole, and not dwelling on a few palpable defects, it will, to quote 'ARRY, give the Author of *Becket* and *Queen Mary* "what for," and make poetic dramatists "sit up a bit."

A friend tells us that *Jack and the Beanstalk* at the Crystal Palace is a mixture of old and new—the old being good and the new better. Amongst the former must be classed certain scenery and properties suggestive of bygone glories at Drury Lane, and belonging to the latter are the very best stage-giants on record. They seem certainly to be people of few words, and yet can hardly be described as short. Altogether the Directors, Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, and the Public generally are to be congratulated on the Pantomime at the Crystal Palace.

The same friend has seen *Saints and Sinners* at the Vandeville, and *Twins*. He was much shocked at the "gags" of Mr. RIGHTON in the part of the Professional Infant which he describes as not being in the best possible taste. For instance the Twin who wears the gaiters and general get-up of a Bishop asks his host to include in the library reserved for him in his private room a French novel, and uses very strong and uneclesiastical expressions. If Mr. DERRICK the Author is satisfied, I have got nothing to say; it is Mr. RIGHTON'S business, and the Author's, not mine. As for *Saints and Sinners* our friend seems unable to decide in which category the Author himself should be included. He says that he believes Mr. JONES, to judge from some of the dialogue, has every wish to be added to the Saints, but then, considering the quality and quantity of three Acts out of the five, he must be put down sorrowfully as a Sinner. However, Mr. THOMAS THORNE is pleased, and so, what's the odds as long as the Manager of the Vandeville is happy?

*Babes*, at Toole's, which was originally a burlesque per-version of *The Babes in the Wood*, is now little more than an American Variety Show, a hotch-potch into which any eccentricities are chucked at haphazard and served up to the public. All a matter of taste, of course, and it exactly suits—those who like it.

We do not credit our Artist's report that Comic Scenes are to brighten the finish of *Romeo and Juliet*, though the play as presented is full of more or less remarkable Transformation Scenes. *Friar Laurence* will be a rather too sturdy Pantaloon, *Peter* an excellent Clown, Mr. TERRISS the Harlequin, and Miss MERRY ANDREWSON will be, of course, the Columbine. The Sprites who assist in the transformation are the Carpenters.



Scene from Harlequin Romeo and Juliet; or, The Fairy Friar, The Peculiar Potion, and the Little Young Lady who lived in the tomb of the Knight Cap-u-lets.

## THE CROAK OF THE CAPITALIST.

I HEARD a man of money, which he wanted to invest, A melancholy millionaire, unload his anxious breast. Meanwhile he scanned and scrutinised a list of shares and stocks; The banks and mines and shipping lines, the railways and the docks.

"Oh, would I were a Premier, a good innings in my view; Chancellor of the Exchequer for as long a spell would do. The Presidency of the Board of Trade would yield my mind relief, In case I were up well enough to the counsels of my Chief.

"Then I should know—solicitude relieved of sore annoy—What interests Legislation is predestined to destroy. To look into the seeds of time, and, as for money got, To see which grains are like to grow, and which will surely not.

"Tell me of Statesmen's private and pecuniary affairs; Say in which Joint Stock Companies the chief of them hold shares! What published lists of shareholders, ah, where can I obtain, That I may by example go the safest way to gain?

"Those Government securities should be the most secure Which governing financiers show that they themselves count sure. For Downing Street is downy, and in general wideawake, Though sometimes in a Budget there is made a slight mistake.

"However, touching some that take the Communistic view, While to the Many they propose to sacrifice the Few, But confiscation still to 'scape undoubtedly design; What care they take of their own wealth, I too might take of mine."





MIDDLE-MAN WHASSEL SUCKING THE LIFE OUT OF THE FREE TRADE HARE.

## THE BAR AS A PROFESSION.

SIR,—You may have noticed that within the last few days there has been much discussion in the Newspapers about the prospects of the "Gentlemen of the Long Robe." A Correspondent who seems to have ample leisure for letter-writing, addresses your leading contemporary, and declares that he, as one of the Juniors, can get no work to do. He insists that, with the exception of a few brilliant examples, Barristers starve, and suggests that the two branches of the Profession should be amalgamated. So far, the reading of briefs and the serving of writs have been kept as two distinct employments, and I see no reason for a change. As to the Bar not paying its more humble members, I join issue. I believe, with proper management, every wiz-wearer would do well. I jot down a few facts and figures.

My first question shall be—*Can a Barrister pay his Expenses during his First Year?*—Unless very unfortunate, certainly. Of course, when he commences practice, the newly-called Counsel will have a number of expenses to meet that will not again occur. As nothing succeeds like success, a Barrister, during his first year, should do his best to prove to his Clients, the Solicitors, that he is prosperous. However, ostentation of any sort should be studiously avoided in favour of comfort. The following is a list of legitimate expenses that may be conscientiously incurred by a Junior anxious to advance in his profession:—

	£	s.	d.
Rent of Chambers in Lincoln's Inn or one of the Temples	400	0	0
Furnishing the same with appropriate Furniture	1,200	0	0
Fee to Designer of Dados, Frieze, and Wall-paper	31	10	0
Filling Museum with legal curiosities (snuff-box of Judge JEFFRIES, &c., &c.)	1,500	0	0
Salary to Clerk	20	0	0
Ditto Laundress	25	0	0
Legal Library (after deducting 25 per cent. for Discount)	5,000	0	0
Expenses on Circuit	1,000	0	0
Fee-Book	12	6	
Brief-paper, &c., actually used	1,800	17	2
Miscellaneous Expenses	10,978	0	0

It is possible that the expenses may be a little more. For instance, in the Law Library is not included the *Comic Blackstone*. This indispensable work of reference has been purposely omitted, as a new edition is shortly to be published, and consequently a saving may be effected by the economical Barrister waiting for the fresh issue. Say that the young Practitioner receives an unexpected legacy of £11,000 from a long-lost uncle (and really he will have very bad luck if he doesn't), and receipts and expenditure will balance thus:—

	£	s.	d.
Legacy (received)	11,000	0	0
Expenses (as above)	10,978	0	0

Profit 22 0 0

This is not so bad for a first year, and ought to be an incentive to further efforts in the same direction.

My second question shall be—*Is the Bar a Lucrative Profession?*—Very lucrative. Of course a man, if he wishes to succeed, must lay himself out for business. The usual mode of obtaining briefs is by marrying the daughter of a Solicitor. This is a good old-fashioned

plan, but, like many other ancient customs, it is capable of improvement. Instead of marrying one daughter of one Solicitor, a really ambitious Counsel should marry several daughters of several Solicitors. The fathers-in-law, although possibly annoyed at first, would ultimately forego the pleasure of an action for bigamy, to avoid scandal in their families, and the clients of the Barrister would consequently increase. Another mode of making an income is to take pupils (called in the profession "pups"), and setting them to do the drudgery of your chambers in exchange for a handsome premium. Yet a third way (and, in some instances, perhaps the best) is, to get called to the Bar, and—work at something else.

Your obedient Servant,

BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

## PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

By Our Special Book-Marker.

## "LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT."

Oh, bright and lively is O'SHEA—that is, this JOHN AUGUSTUS is—His book as bright and lively as the author, you may trust us, is: He discourseth of NAPOLEON, tobacco, and philology; Of Paris and of pugilists, Lord WOLSELEY and zoology; Of GAMBETTA and of CALCRAFT, of cookery and quackery; Of SINNETT and ballooney, of SALA and of THACKERAY! With "special" journeys to and fro, direct, delayed, and round-about, For here and there and everywhere this Special loves to bound about! With most things he is conversant, from monkey unto mineral—And talks on warlike matters like a modern Meajor-General!

## "THE TALK OF THE TOWN."

Though our friends may forsake us, and Fortune may frown,  
They'll find that such scandalous conduct's in vain;  
For here comes our comfort, prolific JAMES PAYN,  
With his latest bright novel, *The Talk of the Town!*  
In a cosy arm-chair we at once settle down—  
Outside it may rain, or may sleet, or may snow—  
With feet on the fender, as coals redly glow,  
We find pleasure in PAYN and *The Talk of the Town!*  
Take the book, not the bowl, if your sorrows you'd drown—  
Fire glows in the grate, FURNISS shines on the page—  
Your cares you'll forget, as you read, we engage,  
In this capital story, *The Talk of the Town!*

## "JOHN FORD."

AIR—"John Peel."

If you read *John Ford*, you can't well go wrong,  
For FRANK BARRETT's hand you will find is strong;  
And the story is not a bit too long—  
Though all old tradition scorning!  
The tale it is bright, the plot it is new,  
The characters all are so crisp and true;  
And the two short volumes you'll soon get through—  
In the course of a lazy morning!

## "THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY." VOL. I.

HURRAH! for LESLIE STEPHEN and all his merry men,  
The printers and the binders and the wielders of the pen!  
Hurrah! for SMITH AND ELDON, their task is well begun,  
The promise of a great success we see in Volume One!  
And as the well-packed volume delightedly we scan,  
While browsing in biography, from ARNOLD to ANNE,  
We think of Volume Fifty and—if we can but wait—  
How very clever we shall be, sometime in Ninety Eight!

## "DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES, BUT LIVE MEN DO."

Oh! *Dead Men tell no Tales, but Live Men do,*  
And lively are the tales they tell to you!  
Judging by the Annual of *Bow Bells*,  
In which great GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA tells  
Nine graphic stories—Would there were a score!—  
Like *Oliver*, we sigh and "ask for more!"

\* Why a "score"? Does he want to sing them? In the next line the Paper-Knife Poet says, "We sigh." Who is "We"? Let the Poet mind his I. And then why "sigh"? "Went, Wid, why sigh?" It ought to be *scissors*.—ED.

THE Naval Brigade accompanying General STEWART's column have with them only one gun; as this, however, is a Gardner, it is to be hoped that, if called into requisition, it will be found equal to a good raking fire.

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR COLONIES.—Fo(r)ster them.



## TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

*Sir Charles.* "IF YOU WILL ONLY ACCEPT ME, DEAR MISS BOUNCER, I PROMISE YOU THAT YOU SHALL BECOME THE PROUDEST AND MOST ACCOMPLISHED WOMAN IN LONDON! NOT AN HOUR OF YOUR PRECIOUS YOUTH SHALL BE WASTED! IN EVERY ART, IN EVERY SCIENCE, IN EVERY LANGUAGE, THE VERY BEST TEACHERS SHALL BE WITH YOU FROM MORNING TILL NIGHT! AND AS FOR ASTRONOMY, I MYSELF—"

*Miss Bouncer (fresh from School).* "OH, GOOD GRACIOUS—THANK YOU SO MUCH, SIR CHARLES! BUT I'D RATHER NOT, THANK YOU!" [Makes a bolt of it!]

## THE (NON-) "PERFORMING DOGS."

*Professor G. soliloquises after the Performance.*

OH, confound those two dogs! A more talented troupe  
Even rivals admit were not easy to find;  
At ball and at barrel, at ladder and hoop,  
They're not easy to beat—when the brutes have a mind.  
More talent is not to be found on four feet,  
Though perhaps their *ensemble's* not always complete.

There's HARTY so steady, a fogleman grand!  
There's BILL, with such dignity, ah! and such go!  
There's CHARLIE, so quick and so sweetly in hand!  
HUGH, neat at a "balance," though just a bit slow!  
Then JOE, clever JOE, at all tricks such a trump,  
Good—almost too good—at a climb or a jump!

Such a troupe ought to be the most splendid success;  
And yet our performances lately go wrong.  
Things seem to get into no end of a mess,  
Though JOE is so clever and BILL is so strong.  
And it's all, I'm persuaded, along of you two.  
Pst! This sort of thing, I assure you, won't do!

You'd spoil any troupe with your lumbering style;  
No neatness, no finish,—all stagger and fall.  
You can't expect "hands" from the audience while  
One does the trick badly, and one not at all.  
And we cannot expect the performance to "go"  
When two chief performers are awkward and slow.

Awkward! Why GRAY you went staggering there  
As though you were raw at the balancing game;

And DARBY, to squat half asleep on your chair  
Appears your chief joy and peculiar aim.  
Humph! Is it perchance that at barrel and hoop  
I've imperfectly trained these two stars of my troupe?

I fancy that's what they are saying in front,  
Their catcalls I fear were directed at me.  
In fact their expressions of blame were most blunt,  
"You call yerself Trainer? Yah! Fiddlededee!"  
Such cries which my ears pretty loudly assault  
Can only mean one thing,—they hold me in fault.

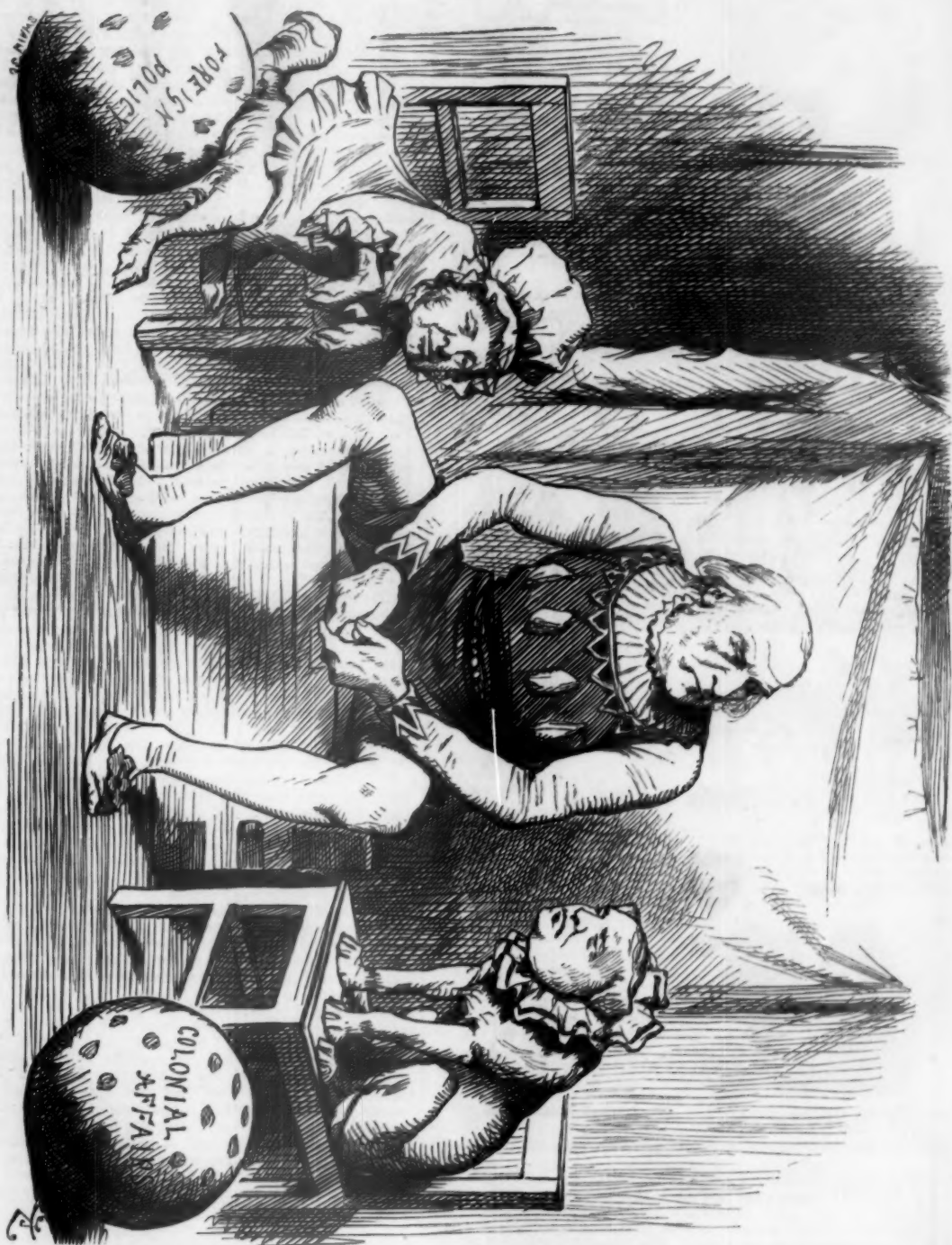
I'm responsible anyhow, 'tisin't much use  
To blame this dog or that, since I manage the lot.  
Though GRANNY should blunder or DARBY refuse,  
'Tis the trainer who's hissed, and I'm getting it hot.  
I must thin out my troupe, keep 'em tighter in tether,  
Or else the performance chuck up altogether.

**CUTTINGS FOR POTTING.**—This cutting is from the *Manchester Evening Mail*. It occurs in an account of the ceremony of "Freeing the Dee Bridge Tolls at Chester":—

"The procession, which left the Town Hall at 11 o'clock and perambulated the city, included a six-horse carriage belonging to the Duke of WESTMINSTER, containing the Duke and Duchess and several younger members of the family, the Bishop of CHESTER and Mrs. STURGES, the Mayor and Mayoress of Chester, the Sheriff and Recorder, the Aldermen and Town Councillors and officials of the Corporation, headed by a Volunteer band, and escorted by the Rifles and Artillery."

What a wonderful carriage to hold such a lot! And only six horses! It ought to have been drawn by a locomotive. Wish we'd been at Chester to see it.





# THE (NON-) "PERFORMING DOGS."

PROFESSOR (soliloquises—more in sorrow than in anger). "ONE OF 'EM DOES IT ALL WRONG, AND 'TOTHER DONT DO IT AT ALL!—ENOUGH TO MAKE ONE CHUCK IT UP ALTOGETHER!!"

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

1894



## THE CHILDREN'S BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

AH, what a wonderfool World is this as we all lives in! We allus seems to think as we've got to the hend of everythink, when, low! we finds as we're ony just cum to the beginning. Wen we're a going for to stop I'm sure I don't know; and if we ain't never a going for to stop, I wonders where we shall git to at last! But a trowse to this ere moral lysing, and let me cum to stern fax. I suddenly did think, wen I offiahated at the last Fancy Children's Dress Ball at the Mansion House, as we had quite got to the werry Haecmy of perfeeshun in this most butifool of all lovely sites; but I'm bound in honner to say as I was rong. Why the site of all them hundreds of bootiful hinnocents, dressed in the most lovelyest of their best close, all a setting on the floor in arf circles, a listening to the story of *Mr. Punch* and his rongs, and how he tryumfed over his fose, was sitch a site as aeshally brort tears to my old eyes. And how keenly the littel Boys seemed to reliah the lesson of respec for the magesty of the *Lor*, that *Mr. Punch* teaches so strikingly. There was one brite-looking little chap, a Sailor in H.M.S. *Victory*, who larked so artily wenever *Mr. Punch* nooked sumbody down, that I'm amost afearid it will make him just a leetle rebellious wen he gos back to his dooty, and has to man the main top, or to splice his main braces, or to shiver his timbers.

I was about to say, when the thorts of *Mr. Punch*'s egsampel dragged off my atenshun, that the dresses wur suttently that warious and that charming, as I ain't never seed, not even in *Mr. ARRISS*'s Pantomime—of who, more anon. It's of coarse difficult to make a selection were all is so lovely, but I suttently thinks as the *Parm tree* of all must be given, if there appens to be one in the ouse, to what I may call the *Royal Party*. Suttently a more gentlemanly *Baby Bunting*, in his nice warm wite *Rabit Skins*, was never seed; and *Sherry Phillips*'s quartet, as *Brown* called 'em, merely becoz there was four on 'em, just like *Brown*'s rubbish, inkluding a lovely *Mrs. Robinson Kruso*, and a *Canary Bird*, as was really a great improvement on *Natur*, was simply perfect. What a prond and appy *Sherry* he looked, and so did his good, kind-looking *Sherryfess*.

I wasn't at all aware how werry yung, *Barrysters* begin their jawious perfeeshun. Sum on 'em I shoold think coud ardly ha' bin of seven years standing.

Praps if I was asked to say conscenshushly, I thinks they call it, who looked the werry appiest of the hole lot, not to speak it profainly, I shoold at wunce about out, "the *LADY MARRIS*!" ony I noose my place too well to take sitch a libberty, and well she might, when she saw the brilliyant suckess of all her trubble and anksaety. And I spose as ewen them as moves in the werry ighest spears of sosierty, don't altogether escape. Wunderfool must be the constitushuns of yung ladies and genelman! Fancy there being quite a run upon *Isis*, and the *Burumeter* down to 26. As I herd a werry savage-looking *Deputy* say, a good stiff glass of brandy-and-water wood suit me better. But no, no, there's a time for all things, *Mr. Deputy*, and hot brandy-and-water ain't quite "comifo" at a *Children's Ball*, and so he didn't git none, and went away growling.

How we pore *Waiters* has to work! Wood any one think arfter my harduous labours among the children, I shoold have had to rush off to *Drewry Lane Theater* to reocom my dooties among about two hundred of the most bootifullest and most charmingest *Actresses* as praps the World ever saw! But so it was, and 'tis was how it was. Everybody as is anybody has of course herd what a wonderful *Manager Mr. ARRISS* is, but praps they don't know what a grand feenancier he is. Sumbody left £3 a-year for a supper at *Drewry Lane* on *Twelf Night*; and this wonderful *Manager* has managed it so well, that he can give with it a grand supper to some hundreds of *Actors* and *Actresses* and their paytrons! Has he had invited lots of *Aldermen* and *Deputies* and *Common Councilmen*, of course he thort he had better have me, as being well used to 'em. So accordingly I got there about 12, jest in time to see 'em clear the stage and then help to lay the various cloths. Of course I thort that as it was on a stage, the supper wood be all gammon, and the *Champain* all non-intoxyoucarnts, but on the contrary, it was all reel and all fust-rate.

How the numerus gastes who had jest bin a supping at the *Manshun House* coud set to work again at *Drury Lane* with renewed appytights was somewot of a staggerer; but great is the power of *Corporations* in general, as well as of the *City Corporation* in particular. And now occourd an ewent in my umbel life for witch I was not at all prepared; for the great *Manager* himself, seeing me standing inrapshured at the gay seen, aeshally said to me, "Have you tasted the *Badley Cake*, *Mr. ROBERT*?" To which I of course replied, "No, Sir."

"Then come with me, and I will out you a *alice*, as everybody is expected to taste it."

And he did it. And I ate it. And that little act of courtesy of the great *Manager* to me, ony a pore *Waiter*, sent me home to my wirtuous *Couch*, about three in the morning, a gratified and gratefule man.

ROBERT.

## "HAMLET" À LA SAUCE DUMB-CRAMBO.



"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!"—Act I., Sc. 2.



"I could a Tail unfold."—*Ibid.*



"What a falling off was there!"—*Ibid.*



"Mothinks I scent the morning Hair!"—*Ibid.*



"Brief let me be!"—*Ibid.*



"Lend thy serious Ear-ring to what I shall unfold!"—Act I., Sc. 6.



"Toby, or not Toby? that is the question."—Act II., Sc. 2.



"The King, Sir."—"Ay, Sir, what of him?"—"Is in his retirement marvellous distempered."—"With drink, Sir!"—"No, my Lord, rather with Collar!"—Act. III., Sc. 2.



"Oh, my offence is Rank!"—Act III., Sc. 3.



"Put your Bonnet to his right use—'tis for the Head."—Act V., Sc. 2.

A CONVIVIAL VISITANT.—It appears from the recent astronomical reports that *ENCKE's Comet*, that had been expected to put in an appearance somewhere about Christmas time, has at last been "picked up," after midnight, on the 29th ult., by *M. BACKLUND*, of the *St. Petersburg Observatory*, "low down on the horizon, and in a very faint condition." Considering the age and antecedents of this hitherto highly respectable old wanderer, it is satisfactory to know that, as late as Saturday last, it was again visible from *Greenwich*, proceeding on its regular orbit quite steadily, and, to all appearances, none the worse for its recent little escapade.

## METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS. No. 3.



A CHEAPSIDE ARCADE FOR THE PENNY HAWKERS. LET ANYONE WANTING THEIR NOISE AND RUBBISH GO UNDERGROUND FOR IT.

## BY UNDERGROUND!

(Quite a new sort of Ballade—Our Own Invention.)

By Underground one day I went:  
In crowds the startled neighbours ran,  
For they had heard of my intent,  
And deemed me an intrepid man!  
Admiringly my face they scan,  
For scarcely anyone is found  
To travel—such my daring plan—  
By Underground!

By Underground, though, I was bent  
To risk once more my little span,  
I took a lamp that someone lent,  
Some sal volatile, a fan,  
A stick, of potted shrimps a can,  
A brandy-flask, of weeds a pound,  
A pistol,—then my course began  
By Underground!

By Underground three hours we spent  
Between two stations; limp and wan  
Were we, when, lo! the air was rent  
By dynamite; the Irish clan  
Had wrecked the Metropolitan!  
So forth into the dark I bound:  
I'm taken for a Fenian  
By Underground!

*L'Envoi*—several days after.

Beak, to thy court, with oath and ban,  
They dragged me; guiltless was I found;  
But never more I'll lead the van  
By Underground!

POPULAR FINANCE.—The greatest taxation of the smallest number.

## PUBLIC GRIEVANCES.

(Introductory.)

HAVING been commissioned by Mr. Punch, the bold and independent Friend of Mankind, to make a fearless and searching inquiry into the many grievances under which the patient Public suffer, with a view to their exposure, and subsequent remedy, I have to request of all sorts and conditions of men—ay, and of women too—inhabiting this huge Metropolis, to furnish me with particulars, founded on their own personal experience, of any special grievance, of a public character, that appears to them peculiarly grievous, and to admit of a simple remedy. It should be thoroughly understood that this is not for the purpose of satisfying a mere idle curiosity, but from a far higher, and purer, and loftier motive. As further concealment is no longer necessary, the announcement may as well be made at once, that Her Majesty's Government, yielding partially to the unanswerable appeal made to them in Mr. Punch's columns a few weeks ago, have decided to give the City three seats instead of two, as proposed in their Bill, but on the one distinct and irrevocable understanding that Mr. Punch shall be elected to that seat by the unanimous vote of the whole constituency. This condition, I need scarcely say, has been accepted by the City Fathers with rapture, as it brings within measurable distance the longed-for day, when the same great Benefactor of his Species will at length assume the position for which he is in every respect so specially qualified, and be greeted by his delighted Brother Citizens as the Right Honourable Mr. PUNCH, M.P., Lord Mayor of the City of London!

The enormous sacrifice this will entail upon his Lordship can be better conceived than described, but he has an object in view, the accomplishment of which he feels will place him far above either WHITTINGTON or GRESHAM in the future history of the Great City. This object is, to collect together, through my humble instrumentality, a list of the various Public Grievances under which the inhabitants of the Metropolis have so long groaned, to decide out of his own inner consciousness the best means for entirely remedying them, to embody the whole mighty plan in one single Bill, each particular clause remedying one particular grievance, to run it through both Houses of Parliament with the same startling rapidity with which the addition to the iniquitous Income Tax was carried, and then to retire to his luxurious home, there to repose on the fresh laurels he will have deserved as well as gained, always supposing

that laurels are a convenient couch upon which to repose. If aggrieved persons will therefore state their cases, and forward them to my Office they will receive due attention from,

MR. PUNCH'S OWN INSPECTOR.

General Grievance Office, January 1, 1885.

## No. I.—RATES.

"There be Land Rates and Water Rates."—SHAKESPEARE (adapted).

THE Aggrieved Representative states his case in this wise:—

I am a Trader in the City of London carrying on my comparatively small business with ever-increasing anxiety, arising in great measure from the unfair competition of the various "Stores," and of the gigantic establishments that have sprung up of late. I endeavour to meet this by increased industry and diminished relaxation. I can truly say I arise early and late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness. My rent is high, but it is a fixed payment, and for it I get the use of a fairly comfortable house. But the rates are insatiable and incomprehensible. First come the quarterly rates for the relief of the Poor, and strange to say, although the number of the Poor in the City has been rapidly decreasing for years past, the rate remains the same. Puzzle Number 1.

Then comes the Metropolitan Board of Works Rate, which I am informed by the smiling Collector—who naturally approves of high rates, as he is paid by Commission—is for the expense incurred by that unknown Body, not one of whom I ever saw, or heard of, or had the opportunity of voting for or against—in pouring the collected sewage of the Metropolis, into what used to be our beautiful river, by which expensive proceeding they have changed it into a poisonous and disgusting Sewer, and for which infamous proceeding I am charged a considerable annual sum, which I am also informed, by the smiling Collector, will shortly be very considerably increased in a frantic endeavour to restore our poor River to its former purity. Puzzle Number 2.

Then comes what is humorously called the Consolidated Rate, which, one would naturally expect, meant a Rate that consolidated within itself all the Rates of the City; but, so far from that being the case, it is only one out of some half-dozen of these expensive Puzzles. This Rate, I am informed by the same cheerful official, is dedicated exclusively to the various matters connected with the Streets of the City, and is imposed by a number of persons called by the dignified, but not over-savoury title of Commissioners of Sewers; but who elect them, or have any control over them or their enormous





## JUST THE VERY THING!

Young and Non-Sporting Wife (who has driven to her First Meet). "OH, CHARLIE, TINY IS WILD WITH EXCITEMENT! COULDN'T YOU TAKE HER WITH YOU! SHE WOULD SO ENJOY A RUN WITH THE OTHER DOGS!" !!!

expenditure, I know not; all I know is, that I have none. I also gather, from what I occasionally read, that these gentlemen have incurred a debt of about a million and a half of money, for the payment of which I, with the other Citizens of London, am responsible, though I have never had the opportunity afforded me of either giving or withholding my consent to the expenditure of one single shilling of this enormous amount. Puzzle Number 3.

I will next take what is mysteriously called the Trophy Tax. Why this particular Tax is distinguished by so warlike a name, I have never been able to discover, or to what purpose it is applied, or by whom. Why should we be taxed for Trophies? and where are they to be seen? The hint that the Fund was possibly applied to pay for the gorgeous Uniforms of the City's Deputy Lieutenants, of course I reject with contempt. But that there should exist at the present day a Tax, the object of which no fellow can explain, I think I may fairly put down as Puzzle Number 4.

I pass over the Police Rate, the School Board Rate, the Sewers Rate, the Ward Rate, the Water Rate, and the Tithe Rate, with the general remark that seldom a month passes, from January to December, that I do not receive a demand for Rates in the making or in the spending of which I have no voice, but which I am imperatively called upon to pay on pain of a summons before a City Alderman, which I think I may reasonably designate as Puzzle Number 5.

A PUZZLED RATEPAYER.

Such, Sir, is the plain unvarnished tale of one who is ironically called a "Freeman of London," and who is a fair and honest representative of a very numerous class of hardworking, honest, and loyal men, and if you, Sir, could condescend from your high estate, and, like some of your contemporaries, offer a reward for the solution of a Puzzle, I would venture to suggest as a subject, How is the above statement of your neighbour, consistent with the great Constitutional maxim that no one shall be taxed without his own consent, or with that of his properly constituted representative? And it is my candid conviction, Sir, that however princely the amount offered, it would never be successfully claimed.

"A ROYAL ROAD."—Prince EDWARD and Prince GEORGE of Wales are going to bring out a book of travels. The title is to be *Landmarks; or, the Foot-Prints*.

## O LAW!

THE New Code Morale in France having fixed a small monetary penalty for deliberate and cold-blooded murder, it is understood that, as soon as the Chambers meet, the following "Minor Offences Tariff," to which will be appended a short Note abolishing procedure, will become law,—we translate the francs into English money:—

	£	s.	d.
Throwing a troublesome Tax-collector out of window . . .	2	2	0
Ditto, ditto (if he has called more than once) . . .	0	10	6
Strangling a Tradesman (in a moment of exasperation) on his presenting his account . . .	1	3	9
Dropping with deliberation ( <i>soigneusement</i> ) a Box Keeper, who has given you an indifferent seat at the back, down a well-staircase . . .	0	5	0
Having an altercation (with a revolver) with the Conductor of an omnibus—before getting out . . .	0	7	6
After ditto (inclusive of wounded passengers) . . .	0	1	6
Firing at somebody else's Solicitor . . .	1	10	0
Ditto, ditto, your own (six shots) . . .	0	6	8
Wounding the Juge d'Instruction by mistake . . .	0	2	6
Ditto, ditto ( <i>avec intention</i> ) . . .	0	1	0
Throwing a Dynamite Bomb into the Jury Box—if with results . . .	0	12	0
Blowing up the entire Palace of Justice, with the approval of the public ( <i>approbation sympathique et universelle</i> ) . . .	0	0	0

MEAT AND MUSIC.—The *Times*, in an article on "Recent English Songs," speculating on the cause of the scarcity of great song-writers in England, says:—"A famous German composer used gravely to assert that Englishmen were little susceptible to the subtler shades of lyrical expression, because of their habitual meat diet." If that is so, the old saying, "No song, no supper," should be changed to, "Too much supper, no song." But here is a chance for the Vegetarians! There are not, perhaps, many "subtle shades" in "Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England!" But what a lyrical masterpiece might be produced if one of Mr. NEWMAN's lentil-loving disciples were to let himself have full swing on such an inspiring theme as, "Oh, the Boiled Beans of New England!" The suggestion is thrown out freely, and Mr. Punch hopes for fruits from the lovers of vegetables. Vegetarian organs, please copy.

## PUNCH TO PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

JANUARY 8, 1885.



MANY Happy Returns! One majority more  
In our stout Royal line. As your father before  
(It seems yesterday, rather than so many years)  
Heard the right loyal rattle of volleying cheers,  
Which rang round the Island when he came of age,  
So, Sir, you may hear them, and Punch will engage  
They are hearty as ever. A triple-linked chain  
Binds Country to Court 'neath VICTORIA'S reign.  
Long may it endure! Fortune happily smiles  
On the reign and the race of the Queen of our Isles.  
Many years and fair hap to the reign and the race,  
Is the wish of us all; and Punch yields a chief place  
Henceforth in his heart, which the years have left green,  
To the Son of his Prince, and Grandson of his Queen!

## SO VERY CLEAR!

OR, WANTED A HAND-BOOK.

(Political Economists discussing subject of the hour over their wine.)

First Political Economist (after having been holding forth vaguely, but with some decision, on the subject of Capital and Labour). Yes, you may depend upon it, old BISMARCK'S right, and that the increase of Emigration is an irrefragable evidence of the rising prosperity of a nation. Soon as a man has made money enough to do it, he leaves his country, and goes off somewhere else.

Second P. E. Ah, yes, I see. But, if he is so prosperous at home (reflectively), why should he want to be off elsewhere?

Third P. E. Just so. That's what I was thinking. But I suppose it's the result of supply and demand. It's astonishing how little people know about these plain questions. (Recalling indistinctly fragments of a Magazine article.) Take the present depression of trade, for instance. People will tell you it's because there's no demand; but any man who studies the question five minutes can see at a glance the real mischief is over-production.

First P. E. Not a bit of it. That's the usual blunder on the subject. For the matter of that, what do you mean by "over-production?" I don't suppose you could define it for the life of you.

Second P. E. Oh! I think I understand that. Say, I represent demand, and you represent supply, and B. is the market, and I go to B. for one pair of boots, when you have just sold him five thousand. B.'s surplus stock, which he has now on his hands, is the result of over-production, and, I suppose, a dead loss.

First P. E. (brightly). Nothing of the kind. Simple enough. All B. now requires is a Protective Tariff. He is hampered for the moment by foreign competition. The boots he is offering at fifteen-and-sixpence a pair can, let us say, be produced in Pennsylvania, shipped across the Atlantic, and sold at a good profit in this country at five-and-ninepence. What's to be done then? Why, the Government claps on a twelve-shilling duty, and it's as clear as A B C that the matter rights itself. B.'s now is the cheapest market. You and

four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine other people in want of boots go to B., and he gets rid of his surplus stock.

Second P. E. Yes—ahem! it's quite plain, of course. But why should I, for instance, and the four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine other people purchase our boots for fifteen-and-sixpence a pair, when, but for the Protective Tariff, we could have got the very same article for five-and-ninepence? Why, in fact, should we virtually throw our money away?

Third P. E. No—no; that's where you're wrong. You don't really throw your money away. It remains in the country. (Trying to recall the wrong end of something he has read in an abridged edition of "Adams' Wealth of Nations.") I can't exactly explain to you how it is—but I know that you don't really, in the long run, throw your money away. (With confidence.) It looks as if you did—but you don't.

First P. E. Oh, yes; I've read it all up, you know, and he's quite right. You see it's the trade makes the prosperity of the country. If there's no trade, there's no prosperity, and if there's no prosperity—well, where are you?

Third P. E. Just so. Where are you?

Second P. E. (still unconvinced). Yes, I know—but still I would rather pay five-and-ninepence for my boots—and spend the balance on something else, you know.

First P. E. Hopeless fallacy! if every one was like you, why, there would soon be no bootmakers at all.

Third P. E. Yes, it's just that sort of unsound theorising—that is ruining British Commerce. Take the Agricultural Interest for instance. Why I suppose you and those like you would stamp out the British farmer next?

First P. E. (savage). Ha! I'll be bound you would.

Third P. E. Well—if you put it to me—if it ever comes to my paying fifteen shillings and sixpence, or even fifteen-pence-halfpenny for a quatern loaf, all I can say is—the prosperity of the country—and, for the matter of that—the British farmer too—be hanged!

[Tableau.]

## STABLE PHILOSOPHY?

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS, poet, paper-decorator, and philosopher—the "Vates" of Socialism, so his interviewer, with a happy mingling vagueness, styles him—has been holding forth at some length for the benefit of an enterprising daily paper on the subject of his projected, but at present rather distant, earthly Paradise. In this social Eden it seems that "a squad of Dukes" (sic) will not, as might reasonably have been expected, be called upon to take their five hours' turn (shirt-sleeves tucked up) with a set of brawny-armed navvies on a railway cutting, but they will simply be effaced, and disappear. Even Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS will be a plain "citizen," and drop the complimentary Esquire from his envelopes, and say nothing on his visiting cards, so it is to be presumed, about his being a genuine Vates. The "Revolution" which is to bring about this perfectly beatific state of things is, however, not to be accomplished without force, and in preparation for it Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS is already working with indefatigable might. It appears that:—

"His lecture-hall at home—3, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, a quiet, half-rustic spot, within a few yards of the placid, turbid Thames—is an old stable, which he has comfortably fitted up, and completely transformed for its novel purpose."

## SYMPHONY IN BLACK.



THE VASSAL WHO DOES SOOT AND SERVICE.

As far as his work is concerned, therefore, the great apostle may be said to be fairly installed. All he evidently wants is his chance. It is pleasing to know that, while in the new condition of things, thus rapidly being hastened on at Hammersmith, "Barbaric Races" are "to be let alone," the real elevation of the working-classes will be brought about by the abolition of the maintenance of private property in land, capital, and machinery. This is all very beautiful, and we shall look out for the next prophetic utterance of the Hammersmith Vates with kindly and encouraging interest.

"HOW TO SPEND A TRULY HAPPY DAY."—Take a ticket from Mark Lane to South Kensington by the Circular Railway, and try to use it!

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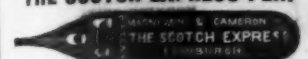
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Good Spirit."—Jury's Award, Philadelphia  
Centennial Exhibition, 1876.

"UNQUESTIONABLY as fine  
a specimen as one could wish to see."—  
Jury's Award, Cork Exhibition, 1882.

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WHISKY may be had of the principal Wine  
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of your duties, avoid stimulants and take

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night work, to restore brain and nerve waste, take

HOP BITTERS.

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from poor health or languishing on a bed of  
sickness, take

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